THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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Corresponding Editor.

For the Lily.

Written for a Woman's Rights Convention.

Sisters we have met to-day,
For the truth and right to pray,
Hope is cheering on our way,
And tells of victory.

Long hath been the trial hour,
Strong hath been the oppressors power—
Darkly did the storm-clouds lower,
In the days gone by.

And the oppressor still is strong,
Still the love of ancient wrong
Would the trial-hour prolong;
Sisters, shall it be?

Poor suffering one, with none to aid,
Thine hours of toil so ill repaid,
That B anty's form may be arrayed,
In Fashion's richest mould.

Oh ye, whose homes like eastern bowers,
Are ever decked with loves bright flowers,
Where time midst roses counts the hours,
We ask of you, to aid.

Will you aid us on our way,
Humanity's loud call obey
And hasten on the glorious day,
Of equal rights to all.

Then may the tempted ones rejoice,
And make fair virtue's paths their choice,
Nor heed the tempter's syren voice,
Which lures but to betray.

BARRE, Mass. CARRIE.

For the Lily.

HOME.

Thou sacred spot where hearts unite,
And kindred spirits meet;
Where joyful glances kindle smiles
And social joys replete!

The seat of all our pleasure here,
The centre of delight,
The dearest, brightest, holiest spot!
When home is home aright!

MAGGIE.

☞ A fool in a high station is like a man on the top of a monument—everything appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

For The Lily.

OUR JOETTE;
A Stray Patch from Aunt Hannah's Quilt.
Or, Records of the West.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

CONCLUDED.

"Oh! how can women be such fools?" said Belle, dropping her work impatiently, and throwing her arms over the arms of the chair, and leaning her head against its old fashioned back; "Why will they be such fools? No man should ever hold me bound to him or to his interest after he had forfeited all claim to my confidence and affection.—One such drunken spree as you have told of, would have separated his interest and mine forever."

"So you think, now, Belle, dear, and so one of your temperament and decision might act. You must remember that all women are not alike—all have not the same self-reliance—all have not that strength and firmness which is necessary to sever the strongest cord of social life.

Julette had been a petted child. Her reading had been such as even now contaminates many a young and ardent mind with false notions of what is truly womanly and beautiful in the female character. A blind, self-sacrificing love and devotion, braving all things, bearing all things, clinging and hoping still, that he who once loved so enthusiastically, who was once so tender and kind, once so careful of her feelings, would again awake from his wild delirium, and be to her the kind husband, and to her children the loving, tender father, as he always was when sober. Pulpits preached to her patience and forbearance—the public voice, thro' the press, told of woman's power and influence over the minds of men, and of the wife's almost super-human control, if she would but smile and look gentle and loving under all provocations.—Tale after tale of repentance and reform, followed by a long, happy and loving life, all brought about by some wife's gentleness, met her gaze, and strengthened her resolves, to hear and suffer on, striving and hoping till the last.

Then, too, she saw and heard the denunciation of the world against every woman that dares to leave a husband, if he has one virtue around which a caviling public can hang his claim to his wife's everlasting devotion and love. And she found even his protection harsh and brutal and terrible as it too often was; preferable to the cold, hard censure, and forbidding sympathy of a world which allows and sanctions men in sin and crime, and visits more merciless penalties upon the victim who dare attempt an escape, than upon the tyrant who tortures and destroys."

Often oh! how often had the poor child of misfortune said, "I will leave him. It is not duty in me to thus suffer and wear out my life in trials of his begetting. Giving hereditary life to his weakness and folly, and thus bending my whole soul to sorrow, perhaps, as long as I live. Or, what is more likely, to fail and die, even in life's prime, leaving these, my loved ones, in the hands of strangers."—But then came up the fearful ordeal, the process of law, the fear of losing her children. His maniac madness, that might kill them all, or attempt that which would throw disgrace and trial upon all her family, and upon his also. He could be a gentleman, if he chose—aye, was so sometimes in a new place, for weeks together, and when in that state he would interest the Judge, and perhaps take her children, and her heart quailed."

And where was uncle Joe and Jerusha, all this time? At the old homestead, living on in quiet. Railroads did not then, as now, traverse all the land, and uncle Joe and aunt Jerusha had never set their feet upon a steam-boat—Joe often declaring, in his own peculiar manner, that "he'd no faith in the tarnal blowin' up things," and Jerusha never heard their far-off bell, as they wound now and then up the M——, in high water, without a sigh—some said that her thought went away to the tragedy of the Mississippi, the burning of the Lady Franklin, forty years ago, when ten of the passengers perished. Be that as it may, they never ventured far from home, and letters passed seldom between Julette and her friends. When she did write, she wrote as cheerily as possible, unwilling to mar their happiness by a tale of woes they could not relieve. But now she was alone, with no earthly thing to cling to but her little children. They had removed a few days before the occurrence mentioned in the last chapter, and were again among strangers.

Julette had not been told in the night, that it was her own miserable home that was being burned. She was too feeble to bear the excitement—so thought the good people who gave her shelter. Mrs. Gibson brought her a cup of coffee in the morning, and a bit of toast, and bade her "lie still and rest hersel' a bit—there was no use to be getting up." Faint, weak, and sorrowing most of all over *him*, she sank back on her pillow, and called Joette.

"Go, darling, and hunt your father. The child kissed away the tears that were coursing down the pale, despairing face, and bounded away.

When Joette approached the spot of the late fire, which she, in the quiet sleep of childhood had known nothing of, she found in affright a group of men were gathered about, and stirring with long poles the still smouldering fire. But no sign of his remains could be found.

Joette was questioned, and the men soothed her terrors as best they could, and led her back to the cottage to her mother.

"I will tell your marm," said Mrs. Gibson; I can break it to her gently like, for I reckon it'll come mighty nigh a killing her, poor thing!"

"No, Mrs. Gibson, I want to tell her, myself," said the resolute child, "I can tell her best;" and drying her tears, she passed in, and ssated herself quietly by her mother, who seemed sleeping with her toil-worn hand over her eyes, shutting out the clear morning light that streamed in through the uncurtained window.

I will let her sleep, thought Joette, as she noiselessly seated herself on a trunk at the head of the bed; I will let her sleep, and sweet little Mabel, too. Oh, how terrible father looked when he said he would throw her on the fire, but—(and the blood rushed to her fair temples,) I saved her; yes, yes, I saved her. Oh! how wicked it was for me to wish the other day that I could die because I was a hunchback. I will never wish it again—no never! I will be good, and try to do something even with all my sorrow, that will make life worth

having. Thus mused the sweet child, while she repressed her tears, and to pass away the time, she rolled her golden curls around her fingers, and let them fall again upon her almost broken shoulders. At length the little one moved by its mother's side, and the mother removing her hand from her aching eyes, discovered Joette:

"Where is your father, daughter?" said she, languidly.

"I don't know, mother; we can't find him this morning; but never mind, now—how do you feel?" and she parted the hair from her mother's brow, and took little Mabel in her arms.

"Better, darling. Somehow, Joette, I feel more cheerful, as if I had dropped a great load. May be it is only my quiet sleep in this still room; but I dreamed that uncle Joe had come for me, and that his good carriage and horses were at the door, and we were all going back to "Sycamore Hall" to live. Joette", she paused and covered her eyes again with her hand for an instant; "Joette, you shall not suffer any more. I will write to your uncle as soon as I am able, and ask him to take us under his care and protection. But your father, what will become of him?" The dream—the bright, sweet dream, was swept away as soon as she thought of that dark reality, her husband, and she sobbed aloud.

"Mother, dear mother, do not cry. Uncle Joe will come for us, I know he will. You have taught me, mother, to think that 'God is good.' We have no home now, for last night our house burned all down, and we have nothing. No one can find father, but Mr. Sharp thinks he went away to New Orleans on the steamboat."

Julette arose from her bed with a convulsive spring. "Oh, God, he is gone—gone forever," and now she remembered he had told her that after his fearful revels, when he had been driven out late at night from the dram-shop, he had gone to the bank where the deep waters formed an eddy beneath the bluff, to throw himself in, but had never done so, because she seemed to be watching him from their cabin window, that was near. Now she had no doubt he had carried his threat into execution. Silently she pressed her hand to her throbbing temples, then clasping Joette to her breast, she suffered herself to be laid gently back upon the pillow, where long and silently she pondered her fate. Fred might still be in the village, or he might yet return. But if he did, could she even live with him again. He had made a cripple of her eldest child—he had been the murderer, indirect, of the third—he had threatened the life of Mabel—he had almost deprived her of her own—he had undoubtedly burned their house. Duty required no more. The folly of her childhood would never be wholly obliterated; yet she had borne the galling yoke it had imposed, and which his hand held riveted long enough. "Joette, we will write to Uncle Joe."

"Yes, mamma," answered the child, and her voice was flurried, as if some deep, joyous emotion stirred her, even amid their terrible sorrow.

The village was hunted up and down for the wretched man; every effort was made to discover his whereabouts, and at length the public settled down on the conviction that he had thrown himself from the bluff, and that the river being high, and the current strong, he had been swept far away. Not a heart in the village but responded to the hope expressed by Mrs. Gibson:

"Well, it's a terrible thing, sure, to wish a woman a widder, and her children orphans, but as true as I live, I hope the critter will never turn up agin."

"I would not have taken so much trouble to find so worthless a scamp," said Belle, as aunt Hannah went on minutely describing the search for the dead body, and the excitement of the neighborhood.

"My dear Belle," replied the venerable aunt, "There is no human soul so depraved but still it bears something within itself to redeem it—something that those who know it best, still cling to—something that keeps alive the flickering blaze of hope in hearts that have once loved. Carlyle, I think it is, says: "We never thoroughly hate those we thoroughly know"—and I think our own experience will confirm the assertion.

But to our story. Fred English could not be found, and Juletta, as soon as she was able, wrote to uncle Joe. She did not know that other fingers more slight and fragile than her own, had three weeks before done that same thing, and portrayed with child-like simplicity and touching truthfulness, her mother's fearful condition.

"Jerusha," sung out uncle Joe, one evening, as he returned from the village, just after sundown, dripping with rain, and spattered with mud from head to foot, "Here's a letter from little Joette, all in her own hand write, outside and in, and a sad one it is, too."

"From Joette? That child can't write!"

"Yes she can," said uncle Joe, as he hung his overcoat on the peg outside the door, and drew his muddy boots. Jerusha drew his arm chair up to the blazing fire.

"Warm yourself a little, and then let us eat supper; we've been waiting an hour. What kept you so?"

"Well, you see, that letter"— Uncle Joe paused and aunt Jerusha laid her hand on the back of his chair, and stood waiting with a beating heart. "That letter, Jerusha," resumed Joe, clearing his throat, says that Julette is in a bad fix; English has took to drink worse than ever, and little Joette begs me to come and take her mother and the children home—she is afraid her father will kill them all."

"Oh, that brute!" exclaimed Jerusha, with uplifted hands. Will there be no end to his mischief? Hanging is too good for him."

"Tain't the *man*, sister," said Joe, warmly, its the liquor—he's a good man when he's sober," so the child says, "but that's not often now. I have made arrangements to start in the morning, so get my things ready, for I want to be off bright and airly."

"Well, well, but let's eat supper; I'm sure I can't eat a mouthfull, but you must be hungry."

"Better clear it away, sister, I can't eat to night," said the grave, philosophic uncle Joe, and he raised from his chair, and paced up and down the large farm-house kitchen, which served for dining-room and hall also. Jerusha cleared the table in silence, while ever and anon a big tear dropped down her cheek.

"*Jerusha!*" said uncle Joe, with great emphasis, as he squared himself round in the middle of the room, with the letter in hand, "Listen to what this ten year old child says:"

"Dear, dear uncle Joe, my mother says that you make whisky on your big farm, and that it makes *you* rich. Oh! uncle, do you know how many it makes poor, how many good fathers it makes bad, how many little children it makes suffer. Oh! uncle Joe don't make it any more!" "I tell you, Jerusha, I have made up mind—*my* whisky shall never more make a good husband bad, or little children suffer. Oh! she is a wonderful child! I have ordered out the fires, and put a stop to the whole work. It will cost me thousands, but I will never, no never, so help me heaven, be guilty of making any other woman so wretched as our poor Julette." And the strong man bowed his face on his hands and wept aloud. The spirit of the child had entered his heart, and he now felt the enormity of his work.

The suspension of the big distillery spread a great panic among the neighbors and corn raisers of the valley. The good brother went for his suffering sister, and Jerusha read and re-read the little hunchback's letter to all the women of the neighborhood, and stirred many a mother's heart to the subject of temperance, which then had hardly been thought of; and before uncle Joe returned, he had the women on his side.

But the men—the poor, besotted, ignorant men who had settled, as such men will, around the great distillery, ready to do any drudgery if they could get the jug filled at night, what a storm of indignation was raised against the strong good man, who seeing clearly his duty, had moral firmness and manly courage enough to sacrifice his own interest for the public good, "to do good to them that he knew would persecute him and despitefully use him."

The corn-raisers, too, were in a foment, and the fruit growers wondered what had got into old Joe.

Julette was brought home, and the pale woman with deep lines of care upon her face, with silver hairs sprinkled among the rich auburn of her hair, and not yet twenty-eight years of age; the little hunchback beauty of a child, that could write such letters—the tale of her father's brutality, of his supposed fearful end, filled the whole country with gossip and excitement. There were no temperance lectures, no society got up, as in these days, but there were temperance sermons preached to the whole congregation every time uncle Joe and aunt Jerusha entered the church leading the broken-hearted sister and the broken-backed neice, both the victims of the still.

The worthless portion of community moved away; one or two men attempted to revive the direful work, but the current of public feeling was growing deeper and stronger against the manufacture of ardent spirits, and they gave up in despair, and soon a revolution was effected in the whole region about. Church members and men of the strictest morality, who had never before been called to think upon the subject, now called meetings to talk the matter over, and signed pledges to each other, never again to allow the products of their orchards or fields to be made into ardent spirits. Matrons began to query whether it was well to take the glass of whisky toddy, or to hand it to guests on an afternoon, when they dropped in for a social visit. Young ladies objected to it at their parties and bees, and thus the influence extended, and the wrong-doing of one became the beacon of reform to thousands.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Lily.

MENTAL BLINDNESS--No. 2.

Perfect submission on the part of the wife, it is said, will secure domestic happiness. Well, I will tell you an o'er true story—an exemplification of this perfect submission, which I think is but one case among thousands of the kind.

Mr. and Mrs. G—— had just commenced life. Mrs. G—— believed that implicit submission was her duty, and the sure way of moulding an overbearing disposition into kindness, and all that was good, noble and generous in a husband and father. Three little children had they, and if Mr. G—— did sometimes use profane language, and occasionally drink and become quarrelsome, yet he did love her and the children so much, and was, withal, such a good provider, why should she not submit in silence, especially as he brought every needful comfort around her. 'Twere folly to complain, and worse than folly to expostulate with him even after the effects of the drink had worn off. If she needed a new garment, Mr. G—— would select it; if her children required shoes, he would get them, without care or forethought on her part. All must be submission, and happiness would follow. She did sometimes want wood to replenish the fire when the children came home from school, cold and shivering, and sometimes they had to do without shoes in the fall until the ground was frozen, and Sarah did cough a little, that made her mother look sad and thoughtful, but submission and silence was the watchword, and all she hoped would come out right. At last Sarah was laid in the grave, and the mother mourned bitterly, and sometimes thought that Sarah would have lived if the money used for whisky had been used for leather. But never a word of complaint, and Mrs. G—— hoped on—hoped many years.

I lost sight of this family for some years, tho' I often wondered if these years had made no change in their circumstances, and if rum and unrestrained freedom to do right or wrong, had made him no more selfish and brutal, and her no less hopeful, and believing in the potency of woman's submission. I have learned the result. They had left their snug little home, and retired to a cheaper place near the forests, and lived in a log cabin. The other two children had gone down to the grave in their early bloom, and left the mother most desolate.

It was a cold dreary day of an early northern winter. The jug had been replenished, and butchering must be done that day, for Mr. T——, the tavern keeper in town was clamorous for his pay for a long standing whisky bill, and had agreed to take the pork. A light snow covered the ground in the early morning, yet diminished as the sun rose and made it sloppy, and Mrs G——, with poor shoes, went out and in all day, and ere noon a

hard cough racked her slender frame, which, together with shivering for the want of a good fire and hard work, joined to the brutal jests of G—, and a companion of the cup, conspired to make her very, very wretched indeed. This companion of her husband was a vile, besotted, low creature who followed shoe-making by carrying his kit around from house to house, and G—— had taken him in for the especial benefit of a congenial companion. And as strange and revolting as it may seem, he was encouraged by G—— to join with him in abusing Mrs. G——.

Through the whole of this day they had joined their demoniac forces to make her as completely miserable as woman could be. Her poor clothing was sneered at—her tattered ga ments were caught hold of as she passed by them—her religion was reviled, and the priest and church came in for no stinted share of odium. Even her feelings as a wife and bereaved mother were trifled with, and many allusions made to better prospects for her husband with a young and blooming wife which was freely admitted that G—— ought to, and would have some day.

Towards night, when the work was nearly completed, two neighbors called to see the pork, and to learn how much Mr. T—— was going to have to pay for strong drink. They observed that Mrs. G—— seemed distressed in mind as she went silently along with her hard work. Yet they did not fully unders and why, for the coarse taunts ceased as they came. Yet they noticed something mysterious in her movements, as they left about dusk, and they looked towards the house, hardly knowing why.

"Stop, Folensly," said Smith, "let's see what Mrs. G—— is going to do. Something tells me all is not right with her."

"I do pity her," replied Follensly—"hope she won't do herself any harm See there, she is taking down that old quilt from the fence. I declare she's going towards the woods. Let us follow her."

They did so unobserved. Beside a fallen tree that had lodged against another, Mrs. G—— stopped and tore off several strips, tying them together, and then adjusted them around her neck, and prepared to ascend the fallen tree."

"What are you going to do?" said Smith, approaching hurriedly."

The woman now first observed them, and broke forth into a wail of despair that might have moved sterner hearts to pity.

"I am going to put a period to my miserable existence," replied Mrs. G——.

"You must not."

"Yes, I must. I have no friend, no home, no child, no husband, no comfort. The laws of my country do not protect me. You have a Canada for abused slaves to flee to, but there is no city of refuge for abused wives like me. Do not hinder me, for I long, and have these many days, for the refuge of the grave."

"Think of a long eternity. No self-murderer can inherit the kingdom of heaven."

"I know it, sir, but no hell in another world can compare with the hell that I live in on earth. I must die. Let me die and be at rest. There is no humanity to protect me—no roof to shelter me—no mother, no father, no sister to whom I can go!"

"Try submission," said Folensly.

"Don't talk to her about that," said Smith; "she has tried submission—none ever did more so.—Don't mock her with that address."

The rope was wrenched from her agonized grasp and she was urged to go back. Where did they say? Not to the protecting laws of her country—no! Interference in family affairs would have been decidedly inconvenient. They told her she must go home; and they followed her to her door and saw her enter. They knew of the abuse of Symmes, the shoemaker, but they did not go in and eject him; yet had Symmes abused Mr. G—— instead of Mrs. G——, they would have thought it noble to enter and thrust him out.

Then these women protectors looked through the window, and saw G—— and Symmes both occupying Mrs. G——'s bed, the bed her mother labored for, and gave her daughter, when she went a trusting, hopeful, submissive wife to him who had grown more exacting and inhuman each year of submission.

The two men, G—— and Symmes, raised upon their elbows, and poured upon the helpless, weeping woman a volley of abuse that need not sully this fair sheet, Did these men on the outside enter and chastise these men, and truly protect the woman? Oh, no, they doubtless thought that G—— had certain inalienable rights, among which were those of drinking rum and being a brute in his family, and they only looked on through the window.

Mrs. G—— remnant of the quilt she had torn to make the rope, and laid it down upon the floor, laid down on it herself, and then these women protectors went away to their own homes.

Yet people say that men protect women, and for this protection they justly relinquish their individuality, although with it goes all means of redress through the laws of this country. Mrs G—— would have given more for the power of ejecting the brute, Symmes, from her home than for any protection she received from men. Give us the aids of a free government, and we will protect ourselves far better than we are protected now. This man is as truly sending his wife to an untimely grave, as were he brutally striking and beating her, yet the law recognizes no offense, and she is left without protection. Somewhere I have seen a plan proposed in Massachusetts for settling difficulties and disputes, through the agency of three men chosen at the ballot box. Disputes between men—assaults, contentions about property, &c., were to be apjusted in this way, without recourse to law. Yet if I assert that difficulties between husband and wife, where there can be no personal abuse proved, ought to be adjusted, and the property equitably divided by some such means, I must be thought out of my sphere because I have the temerity to urge that woman has the same claim upon her country's protection that men have. Is not this a stubborn case of mental blindness?

M. A. Bronson.

From the Temperance Wreath.

LETTER FROM COUSIN BOB.

HOME EDUCATION.

The *rights of youth!* What are they? In this era of popular rights they cannot and must not be forgotten.

They may be summed up briefly:

Frst. A right to a guarded home education.

Second. A right to a liberal school education.

It must be admitted that facilities for proper education are multiplying, that progress is perhaps going on quite fast enough—that it is no longer an individual, but a national work; free schools, improved school laws, and everything indicative of a right principle being at work, may be noticed to show what may be expected.

The causes of complaint, then, are few; nevertheless many home schools might be better than they are, and many homes likewise. Children are impressible beings, and no place on earth should be more hallowed to truth and good order than the places where infant minds receive their earliest instructions as well as latest lessons.

Such a hallowed spot should be the home of every family. Such should be its associations, its charms, its duties, its pleasures, that every child may hold that spot dearest and best loved—truly a home!

And next in importance should be held the district school. Many children here gain their entire school education, even from the alphabet of our native language; how much more, then, the need of care in the organization and management of such schools. The home school is the most important of all, and the evils in education in nine cases out of ten result from the mere neglect of those who should have the management of such schools. But in speaking thus, I may also say that this neglect grows more from ignorance than sloth.

Teachers and parents generally are truly interested, yet despite their pains and expedse in continuing their schools, great evils will continue to exist so long as disordered school-houses and disordered homes exist, and just to the extent to which they exist.

The most dreary and desolate place in many a neighborhood in the school house. No watchful care has been expended in ornamenting it, or the grounds about it. Not a bloom in summer springs up around it—nay, even destitute of fence or any protection whatever, it stands, to all appearance, as if it were some haunted and abandoned place! Yet here the children of all the surrounding district congregate in the bright sunny morning, and here they meet, too, with gladness in their little hearts. Here they learn lessons that will be remembered through life, and in accordance with the order of this school, and the associations, good or evil, are their character's moulded. "What a youth is at eighteen," it has been said, "the same will be in character in after life." And how are we to expect young men and women to be rightly educated while such a condition of things exist in and around the home school.

How little the cost, how little the care necessary to arrange and maintain neatness and order about almost every district school in the Union. I know that there will be difficulties, yet what good thing was ever accomplished without encountering difficulties?

Suppose a school house to be built in a suitable position, and enclosed with proper care, shaded with well-pruned trees—a bit of a lawn on one side, laid out with walks and planted with flowering shrubbery and evergreens—besides this, let ample room be provided for play grounds, swings, and playthings duly prespared, and let there be a substantial plank walk extended from the door, and such other things as may be suggested for convenience and neatness. Within, let the room be arranged only with propriety and order, furnishing a "place for everything," and the difficulty of governing a school in such a place is removed. Only let children see that there is something begun in this way, and nine out of ten will assist all in their power to preserve and improve, rather than destroy. The miserable appearance of many school-houses is justly attributed to the wantonness of rude boys. Boys must be at something, if not good, evil. They are too nearly personifications of perpetual motion to allow a muscle to lag, or a thought once conceived not to be put into effect. But if these same boys were employed in beautifying, instead of demolishing, there is no reason that not only the country school-house, but many a rural home would present the very opposite of what they do now. Will any one doubt that this change could be made? None who have ever tried the *experiment*, will. For wherever the opportunity is offered, wherever things are fitted up as they ought to be, improvement has been noticed. And there is nothing in the nature of a child that will tame his mischievous spirit sooner or more effectual, than the development of his natural taste for order and admiration of the beautiful, which, tho' often hidden away under great masses of superabundant rudeness and fun, yet are as certainly there as the soul that contains them.

Parents seek for efficient teachers—those who are capable of instilling the right principles. But what teacher, thus qualified, would undertake the task with a full hope of success, when the *palace* of which he becomes *master*, presents so *"delightful a prospect."* No, as is the teacher, so is his school; as is the encouragement of the teacher, not only in remuneration, but in adequate means for making his school good, so will he be. Few teachers of real worth will be found undertaking the task of giving proper instruction in such school buildings as we commonly see. Only itinerant or invalid persons will be found who have not more spirit to seek other, more pleasant and more honorable employment.

Wherever good school-houses, in pleasant situations are found, teochers well qualified are also found, and the two united, everything goes on well; the pupils receive no one-sided education, but the order around them creates or develops their own senses and rudeness and carelessness of manner, is changed into gentility; the heart is educated as well as the head. What pleasure must the duties of the teacher of such a school afford, compared with his position with the same students in one of the thousands of roadside domicils that unfortunately take the place of school-houses. It would be as sunshine to darkness, taking no account of the priceless lessons learned at the former, or of the almost inevitably bad ones at the latter.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., MAY 1, 1855.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CELYNDA B. GRANDY.—The changes are made, and "Cinda" has our thanks.

W. MANNING—Essays upon the proposed subjects, will be always acceptable.

O[illegible]W OF DESCENT,

Is there any good? "There is nothing so false that the shadow of truth cannot be found in it." But this law under consideration, is based upon wrong; what marvel, then, that although paths be struck out here and there *towards* good, it so signally fails in dispensing simple justice. Did not the grand truth of a comprehensive freedom and equality, described in the BILL of RIGHTS recorded in our statutes, which follows a most solemn and reverential return of gratitude for "the free exercise of the power to choose our own form of government," and which contains in plain language as true, therefore, as holy words, descriptive of natural and inalienable rights as the heart of man ever dictated, finally under its broad bulwark of truth, ignore the very existence of one-half of humanity and that half given up to be the more sensitive to righ s, and as a class as needful, at least, of having these secured inviolate; did not the constitution after unfolding its justice establishing, its order maintaining, and liberty perpetuating "arms to embrace and take to its great preservi g heart, every being, God-like, who has human interests to cherish and maintain, finally draw up its circle with assuming hateur, and describe the recipients of this glorious inherent power as only "white male citizens," if, we say, our statute books had not to record and describe such a fall from republicanism to an oligarchy, our law of descent might be simple as right and true justice would require; but a wrong at the foundation carries wrong and perplexity throughout. The pyramid of human rights, which has in truth so broad, so firm, so noble a basis, is in fact inverted, and instead of the noble structure, firm in its broad, unyielding basis, carrying upward to truth's own polar star the rights of all beings accountable to God, the endeavor is made to build upon the apex, and the unstable fabric totters, crushing and mangling those it essays to support and protect.

Woman asks no "advantages"—simply *equal justice.* She will not have any physical deficiency as to size or weight, or any mental difference to effect her right to her own property and earning, or her most certain privilege to use such property and earnings for her own benefit and that of her children. A widow with little children, can't feel very thankful for the rare privilege of remaining in her own home *one year free of rent*—nor can she feel other than scandalized under the solemn epithet of "wrong doer," should she apply portions of her own estate to the supply of her necessities. She is not satisfied to accept "privileges" in barter for "rights." Nor is she happy under this state of affairs that tends to degrade *marriage* to a *dernier resort* on her part, and a speculation on that of man's. She appreciates not very highly laws that nullify her existence during wedlock, and throw out any inducements for the low and vicious to "contrive to live longer than their husbands." "Don't blame the men," says "Yelverton," "if the laws are not right." Well, some persons are so punctilious as to require that their salvation shall be commenced and carried an according to rules of their own dictation; some are determined not to be convinced unless the fortress of their judgment be attacked in a manner and at a point by them prescribed, and so are we quite willing it shoud be. The matter, and not the manner, always. We shall spend no breath "blaming," but endeavor to "direct" towards an earnest justice that will pave the way to more sincere respect, and a truer appreciation of human feelings and human rights.

This Matter of Woman's Voting,

Is after all, *not* so terrible. Woman have voted, actually walked to the ballot box and polled a vote for a candidate for the Presidency, and lived long years after in the greatest domestic peace and unity, loved and been loved, and performed the incomparibly self-sacrificing duties that devolve upon mothers of large families—passed quietly nearly to the terminus of earthly life, without carrying one taint from the "turbuleht whirlpool of politics." We know such an one, now living in our midst.

We listened when a clhild to two Quakeress' conversing. One casually alluded to having voted for John Q. Adams during the time that a property qualification for voting in New Jersey, included even women, so fortunate as possess the required competence. "Voted," returned her friend, "did'nt thee feel strangely?" "Why no," was the calm reply; "I went with my father and brothers, and we quietly returned together."

Whether or not this woman or that, this class or that, or whether any or all would vote, and, gently, as in all other things, lead justice, truth & mercy, into every governmental power and arrangement, are questions that do not affect, however well they may and can be answered and elucidated, the foundation point we discuss. This is one of *rights*, and while we contend that man does not, either by nature or Christianity, possess the power of governing woman, who is created with a corresponding nature, the same earthly responsibilities, the same heavenly accountabilities, the same eternity of destination, the same salvation and the same glorious hope of happiness, we too believe, that down in the fountain depths of woman's heart, lies the deep feeling that *we are wronged.* This we think must be plain to any one who reads aright her every day life, who can feel the meaning in the few worded thoughts that comes up unconsciously at trial times, from the sanctum of the soul, though it may never have either a tangible form or an acknowledgment of existence, yet there it is, and though imbedded in a mysterious confusion of feelings, yet there it will live and gather strength to break through all disabilities, and then enable her to stand in the majesty of a noble, a beautiful and able womanhood.

Keep up Your Meetings.

"No need of keeping up our meetings!" That indeed is a mistake that a second thought will correct. There is all need of keeping up these organizations with earnestness. Officers under the law have the greatest need of the strong sympathy of the temperance phalanx, for the opposers are bitter and severe and denunciatory. A determined and permanent sentiment to live out the most strict temperance principles should be fostered, and every young mind should receive as its oxygen of life the purest morality, which can never be, under the reign of licensed rum-trafficking.

Some men are in a foment, at the idea of being taxed under the new liquor law to keep a supply for mechanical and medical purposes; but so long as rum ran riot over our land, laying waste the sacredness of home, the purity of character, destroying body and soul of those who, to some hearts were priceless, they were content; when our streets were unsafe at noon-day, our jails and calabooses filled; officers always busy with drunken brawlers and wicked rum-sellers; when decent, orderly people were taxed by a system full of suffering and henious crime, then according to these grumblers, "men had all the rights they wanted" and "domestic institutions stood strong."

Keep up the temperance organizations and let no back stepts be taken. Let not the hand upon the temperance dial-plate, turn backwards.

☞ The Prohibitory Law passed by the Illinois Legislature, is to be submitted to the people next month. Temperance lecturers should make all possible effort to aid the good people there.—Dr. A. Clark, of Farmington, writes us that female lecturers would call out crowded audiences, and make a good impression, as well as be well sustained. To any of our talented lady friends in New York or elsewhere, who have a desire to see the great West, make a pleasant trip, and do good, we say, *go now.*

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. LOUIS, MO. April 3, 1855.

From this far away city, on the banks of the "father of waters," I send greeting to the readers of The Lily. We are enjoying the hospitalities of our good friends, James L. and Frances D. Gage, (our dear "Aunt Fanny." I am cosily seated in the sanctum of the latter, with her writing table, strewed with papers, on which are traced beautiful thoughts dropped from her pen, before me. Would that the association could impart to me something of the poetry of her nature!—Would that her feathered pen, with which I trace these lines in ink dipped from her inkstand, could be inspired with the sweet thought, the kindly feeling, the noble aspiration, the beautiful imagery, the powerful delineation, which characterize all her writings, and gleam forth in all her actions. But something more than this is wanting. The pen cannot speak only as it moved by the more powerful machinery of the brain. Nature has lavished gifts upon her not vouchsafed to all, and those of us to whom fewer talents are committed, cannot expect to soar as high, or to be capable of as great and good things as she to whose trust more has been committed. We must each be content with those we have, and strive to improve them to the extent of our capacity; then our account will be as acceptable as that of the more highly gifted.

We arrived in this city a few days since, on our way to our new home in the "far west." Much to our disappointment, we learned on reaching here, that the waters of the Missouri were too low for navigation, as far up as our destination; and, consequently, we must wait here for a rise, or else retrace our steps to Keokuk, and proceed thence by stage. As there were indications of rain, we decided to tarry for a few days, hoping that either by copious showers, or by the melting of the snow in regions farther north, the river would rise sufficently to enable us to proceed on our journey by steam boat. But thus far, all signs have failed, and the clouds which gave promise of rain, have dispersed, giving place to the bright and genial rays of the sun. The weather here is mild and

pleasant, and the streets dry and dusty as summer. To us who have just come from the regions farther north, where, one week ago, when we left Buffalo, the ground was frozen as hard as during the winter, and the sleighing as good as a month previous; this change to a more genial climate is very agreeable. Everything here, however, is said to be in a backward condition, and the weather much colder than is usual at this season of the year,

St. Louis is a much finer city than I had supposed it to be. It is pleasantly located, and has every facility to make it a large and prosperous city. It is said to contain a population of over ninety thousand. Whether the human chattles are included in this estimate, I have not learned. With us, a man's chattles are not numbered as a part of the population; but here, I believe, such property is held to possess about one-third of humanity, and it may therefore, help to swell the census. This is the first time my foot has ever trod on soil on which rested the blighting curse of slavery. Outwardly there is little evidence of its existence here, yet it exerts an influence upon society which is felt to the very core. It is hard to realize that I am in a slave State, where it would be considered a crime for me to speak the thought that burns for utterance, and where one expression of sympathy for the bondman, or one word of condemnation of a system so unjust and barbarous, would mark me out as an object worthy of the severest censure and punishment. We, who are accustomed to speak and write boldly on all subjects in our own free States, cannot realize, till we have experienced it, how galling would be the chains upon our free spirits, if compelled to live under such a government as this. I hope circumstances may never be such as to lead me to make a home on slave soil, for I fear my fate would be even worse than that of Delia Webster and Mrs. Douglass.

The city election which came off yesterday, was a temperance triumph. You will remember that at the election of last year, a serious riot occurred here. Fearing a similar outburst at this election, and knowing that rum was the prominent instigator to riot and crime, the Mayor of the city wisely decided to close all grog-shops from Saturday till Tuesday, and issued a proclamation to that effect. The law was strictly enforced, and the result was a most happy one. Quiet and good order everywhere prevailed, and drunkenness was not to be seen at the polls or on the streets. For once in their lives, at least, men were permitted; nay, compelled, to cast a sober vote. A gentleman remarked in my hearing, that "women might have gone to the ballot box and deposited a vote, with perfect propriety, all was so orderly and respectful." This is true. Remove the grog-shops, destroy the liquors, and women may at all times go to the polls with as much propriety as to any other public assembly. And let men grant us the right to vote, and we will soon remove the grog-shops, and see that the liquors are put where they can do no harm.

I am pleased to learn, as I do by the papers, that a prohibitory bill has finally passed the Senate of New York. I trust it will soon become a law. In Iowa, where the question of a prohibitory lew has been submitted to the people, there is said to be a majority of several thousand in its favor. The legislature of Nebraska has taken a noble stand on this question, and at its first session, just closed, passed a law prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors, in the Territory. The law is said to be very stringent, and took effect on the first day of the present month. This is a good beginning, and if all the acts of this first Legislative assembly were characterized by as high a sense of justice, and as great regard for the interest and welfare of their constituents, and the morality and prosperity of the whole people as is thi one, they have left behind them a record of which they may well be proud, and which will ever call down upon them, and the country of their adoption, the choisest blessings.

To-morrow evening Mrs. Gage and myself are to lecture on Woman's Rights, at the Liberty Hall, in this city; soon after which, I hope we may be able to proceed on our journey westward. You will next hear fram me from among the bluffs of the Missouri. A. B.

P. S. We have secured a state-room in the "Edinburgh," and on Friday shall take passage in her for St. Joseph. It is said to be one of the finest boats on the Missouri. A. B.

For the Lily.

I. O. O. G. T.

A report from Olive Lodge, No. 24, I. O. of G. T., located in the village of Newport, Wayne county, Ind.

The following are the officers elected in this Lodge for the present quarter, which is now about half out:

E. C. Thornton, W. C. T.
E. A. Osborn, W. V. T.
M. M. Lacey, W. S
C. Unthank, W. T.
M. Thornton, W. I. G.
H. J. Lamm, W. O. G.
E. Unthank, W. C.
M. Hough, W. A. S.
J. Lamm, W. F. S.
D. H. Roberts, W. M.
J. Hadley, D. M.
H. C. Bennett, R. H. S.
S. D. Starr, L. H. S.
P. Crocker, P. W.

We can safely say that our Lodge is in a prosperous condition; we are initiating one or more almost every night of meeting.

M. M. Lacey, Sec'y.

CONSTITUTION

Of the Farmington (Ill.) Ladies' Maine Law Society.

Art. 1st. This Association shall be called the Ladies' Maine Law Society, of Farmington.

Art. 2d. The officers of this Society shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall perform the duties usually incumbent upon such officers.

Art. 3d. This Society shall hold a stated meeting on the first Tuesday of each month, and adjourned meetings at discretion. Each meeting shall be opened with prayer, and addressed by one or more persons previously appointed.

Art. 4rh. There shall be a committee of five or more ladies chosen, as occasion may require, whose bussness it shall be to visit all places in town where intoxicating liquors are sold as beverage, to exert their influence against the traffic, and report at the next meeting.

Art. 5th. Any lady may become a member of this Society by signing the pledge, and gentlemen, by signing the pledge, may become honorary members, with the privilege of attending the meetings, and participating in the deliberations of the Society, but they shall in no case be eligible to office, or have the right of voting.

PLEDGE.

We, the undersigned, ladies and gentlemen of Farmington, knowing the evil effects of intoxicating drinkf, do hereby pledge ourselves to abstain from their use *entirely*, everywhere and under all circumstances. And we who are young ladies, pledge ourselves not to receive the attention of gentlemen who use intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

For the Lily

Letter from Mrs. Gage.

Dear Mrs. Birdsall—We have just had the pleasure of a week's visit from Mrs. Bloomer, who was detained here, as she will doubtless tell you, a whole week by the low water of the Missouri. But she will not perhaps tell you that she lectured with much acceptance, in our great city, to one of the most select and respectable audiences that have ever graced our beautiful hall—the grand saloan of the Mercantile building—which, by the way, I do not think it excelled in the States. Our leading newspapers spoke well of he lecture, as far as they spoke at all. One or two of the lesser lights got up some of the old ridiculous nonsense, and really seemed to think they had started something new. But such things only made more talk and discussion, which is all we want, for discussion will elicit truth, and having the whole argument on our side, we fear no opposition.

Our city stands out proudly in its action at our Spring municipal election Our Mayor and Council ordered the liquor shops closed on Saturday night at 12 P. M., and to remain closed until Tuesday, P. M., after the election, and the edict was pretty generally carried out, and as a consequence, our election day was as quiet as need be. Old fogy gentlemen declared it was so civil "that the women might have gone to the polls without one bit of trouble." One lady said to me, "My son came home at 10 o'clock in the evening, for he said it was so dull he could not stay." One feature of this matter ought not to be forgotten. The mothers were called on to keep the boys in at night. Funny, is it not, that women are thought capable of taking care of boys, and training them till the law gives them the rights of freemen, and then they become the law-givers of their mothers. Well, well, it will not always be so:

The gloomy night is breaking,
Even now the moonbeams rest
With a faint and cheering radiance,
On the hill-tops of the West;
The mists are slowly rising
From the valley and the plain,
And a spirit is awaking,
That shall never sleep again.

The temperance movement seems to be progressing with unexampled pace—the new States are doing wonders. God speed the time when the good farmers shall not toil to raise that which shall be made the spirit of death to their fellows, and when our fair country shall be redeemed from the curse of ardent spirits. F. D. Gage.

For the Lily.

Maternal Reflections.

Formed by the plastic hand of our Maker, and ushered into life, unconscious of aught save suffering, helpless and dependant, perhaps none save the most reflecting, are led to look from the outward infant body, to the internal infant mind.—Is this like the moth, in its chrysalis, dormant, and inactive? Is naught but chaos there?

We clothe and neatly adorn the little body, but do we mark the earliest manifestations of the spirit's presence? As we see the form developing—the limbs expanding, and strengthening, do we also perceive the gradual advancement of the intellect? Does its early culture, excite our most anxious thoughts, and lead us to ask of God—that we may properly, and faithfully perform our duty in His fear? If we seriously consider our responsibilities, great and overpowering do they seem to us. We are almost forced to exclaim; *too* much is required at our hands; yet He who placed us in such a responsible situation, can and will aid us in our difficulties if we seek grace from Him. *Alone and unaided* we must fail. To the humble christian, whose aim is to accomplish the object of her creation, viz: usefulness—the exertion of her every talent for the promotion of good; the task of leading and guiding the infant mind, may be a delightful one. Such an one will ever be solicitous, that the first impressions be pure and holy in their nature; that they lead the child, to bend the tiny knee, and lisp: "Our Father who art in Heaven." Jennie.

Richmond, Ind.

'A liberal use of the rod,' says an old schoolmaster, 'tis the best thing to make boys *smart*.

For the Lily.

Dear Mrs. Birdsall—And so the Lily has become a downright Hoosier! Well, I am glad of it, for we do much need something bright and sweet and pure among us, to cleanse the moral atmosphere of its dense, deadly weight which casts such a gloom over the spirit, and drives back the bold inspired thought of the young reformer whose heaving bosom swells big with newly conceived truth struggling for utterance. We do so need a true, able and bold advocate of woman's right to the untrammeled development and active use of her whole nature, as a God-given inheritance, which, if neglected, will degenerate into unwholesome decay—but which if used, will bloom in all the glowing excellence of human nature made divine.

For it is a lamentable fact that we all have to admit that although our soil is as fertile, our air is as pure, forests as noble, and flowers as fair as those of our sister States, yet we do have more adult persons who cannot read and write—more ignorance and degredation—more apologists for rummies and tyrants—[is not this too severe?—Ed.]—and blacker Slave laws than any other free State of equal population, save, perhaps, Illinois, who has dipped her fingers in the slave mart's gore, and received the ineffaceable guilt-stain upon her statute.

Though an old subscriber for the Lily, I have been "out of town," and did not know of its transplantation till now. I am happy to see it has taken root so deeply in our "virgin soil"—hope its influence may be felt to the farthest corner of our benighted State—and our sisters be thereby enabled to contend for their rights, with the strength of *might* on their side.

Just over there in the field, in full view from my window, in a little, meek, humble-looking cottage, there dwells two fair fragile beings—a young widow and her maiden sister—who supported themselves by the needle. Sickness has weighed them down almost to the grave—still it is 'stitch, stitch,' slowly wearing life away as that ceaseless certain-to-kill drudgery which has driven its thousands into their narrow homes beyond the oppressor's power.

More than once I have known them to lie all day long, in the hot summer time, on a feverish bed, burning with thirst, and *no one* to offer even a glass of cold water. More than once I have walked half a mile for a physician when they were sick, and no one else to *go*! Last night I inquired if their parents were living. "Yes, and wealthy," they replied. Then "why do you not go home," I inquired. "Our father has made his property all over to his *son*, and we are homeless, and thought if we must live so, we'd rather be far away, among strangers."

Though the tear of pity may fall, it does not restore the helpless to health and home—it does not right the wronged. Still they live alone—"stitch, stitch, stitch"—while the son and brother, with stalwart arm, and all the advantages and facilities for acquiring wealth which manhood possesses, revels in the luxury of *home*.

Oh! man, whose mission it is to protect the weak and defenceless, what a tyrant thou hast grown!!

"Woman's Rights"—where is the boundary—where the limit? Infinitely beyond the comprehension of man. What of wrong does not that term imply. Alas! more than my feeble pen can tell—I'll not attempt it. We must cling to the armor of white-winged hope, and labor on, work and talk and write for the spread of the light. And yet how hard it is to argue a fact that is co-existent with God himself, and therefore self-evident.

Yours, for human equality,

Hettie Lee.

North Manchester, April 4th.

For the Lily.

Dear Mrs. Birdsall.—It isn't often that I meddle with literary lions, but when I find such an article as this going the rounds of newspaperdom, I feel inspired to comment a little. Here it is:

"Woman's Sphere.—Charles Dickens never wrote anything more beautiful and true than the following: 'The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient—who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislatures exercise themselves in making laws for her nursery whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honor than this love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet; and does not disdain to be beautiful—who believes in glossy hair and well fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and reveled edges, slip-slop shoes and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intellectual and industrious—who loves more than she reasons, and rarely argues but adjusts with a smile. Such a woman is the wife we have already dreamed of once in our lives, and who is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past; such a woman as this does more for woman's cause than all the sea captains, barristers, judges and members of Parliament put together—God given and God blessed as she is.'"

"*Whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband.*" Just think of that ye wives whose courtships and honey-moons have ended, and who now find yourselves far away from parents, brothers, sisters and early friends so dearly loved, living alone with your husbands. Surely communion with them must be very precious in the midst of strangers. But how much of it do you have—town ladies, especially? That's the question—now, don't all speak at once. I've no occasion for your half-complaining and half-excusing reflections about "long, lonely, evening hours."

No, no, Sally Baker, and Susan Blake and Mary True, and—I needn't name the other forty, have all made me their confidant. Perhaps some other aunt Jinnie has heard your experience. Sallie Baker don't wish me to think ill of her husband—he's a good provider, has no bad habits; but poor Sallie, I pitied her when she said "but," for the tears wouldn't stay back any longer, and as they rolled down over her waning cheeks, I knew what that deep heavy sigh meant, for I had often heard the remark that Baker was generally engaged out ten evenings a week. It was a great change to leave her merry-hearted, affectionate circle of friends. She wouldn't feel quite so sad if she was well; but since her babe died, she feels such a sinking at her heart, and thinks the evenings are longer and more lonely than ever.

Dear Blake is a model husband. He works hard all day on his farm, and thinks it a pity if he can't have his evenings undisturbed by his three noisy boys, when it's so quiet over in bro. Hunt's reading room. But somehow, there are so many to chat with, he can't read. He always returns before nine, but as he has no other time for newspaper reading, his wife mustn't expect him to talk with her. Strange how she used to disturb him with questions and inquiries. He thinks it no wonder that women are ridiculed for their curiosity, and he was plain-hearted enough to tell his wife so, right out. Since then he has been less annoyed. She doesn't even ask him where the text was when he returns from church. He's afraid that she is back-sliding.

It's a pity that Susan's father so petted and idolized her, and taught her to reason as well as to love. But after her mother's death she was his all. Her deep filial love for her only parent, led her to accommodate her wishes to his; and in return her otherwise lonely evenings were ever cheered by his presence. He was a man of superior intelligence, with strong reasoning powers, an extensive, but not a selfish reader—for by turns they read aloud, commented and criticized, with mutual gratification. By his death, her husband is possessed of their village farm. She has never been removed, but friend after friend went down to the grave, till she was left alone—all alone except her husband. He thought it most strange that she would have her father buried in the orchard, and not in the grave-yard, two miles away. If he would but notice the well worn path to that precious little mound, the lonely flowers that shadow to her lonely spirit his departed smiles, and witness the oft-repeated soul agony of the stricken one communing with the silent dead, he might know the wherefore. But he seldom converses with her—she has grown so unsocial.

Esquire True is a most perfect gentleman, but he can't leave his office to stay with his pretty young wife, if she is lonesome. He has to attend the Lyceum on Monday evening, the Masonic Lodge on Thursday, and the Odd Fellows on Saturday, and it's quite as much time as he can spare from his business. Mary has a most excellent education, and did hope to be a companionable wife. She has, however, a very amiable disdosition—don't wish her husband to sacrifice any pleasure on her account. But she couldn't help that hard choking feeling in her throat on her twentieth birth day, after she had so politely and affectionately invited him to pass the evening with her, and had kindled a bright cheerful fire in the parlor. It was not so much his preference for the Lyceum, as that half-muttered sentence about being "tied to a wife's apron strings." Poor Mary's heart strangely wandered away seeking again her long-worshipped, but unfound ideal of masculine perfection, a counter-soul that would reciprocate her overflowing affections. But she is now no longer free—and her husband—oh, what a heart-crushing question—is he, too, "tied," as he had hinted?

'Tis no use to tell how Jones' wife feels now that she knows he's drinking and gambling continually, iustead of passing his evenings with her. Or how Brown's wife felt when her furniture was sold to pay his whisky bills. Or how John Smith's wife became insane after being reduced by his drunkenness from wealth to pauperism.

Nobody blames *them* for feeling discontented when their husbands neglect them in such a way. Jones, Brown, Smith, and all such kindred spirits don't blame them, either—not a bit. Their social, generous natures, that led them into dissipation, lead them also to believe in everybody's rights, and *they* honestly confess that women are wronged—cruelly wronged.

But it's the Baker's, the Blake's, and the True's that don't believe a word in woman's rights—not they. Their wives have rights enough in their sphere, for they have the very best of husbands—are well provided for, and if their ambition is bounded, as it should be, by the sole desire to make their husband's happy, and their time occupied by the discharge of their duties, there is no need of any other communion—they have no right to be lonesome. If they didn't reason, they wouldn't be.—They should only love—that's their sphere of thought. There's your trouble, ye sage Dickensites. If woman had no reasoning faculties, there would be no reason to chain. If she had no mind clamoring for food, she couldn't suffer mental starvation. But there's a mighty mistake somewhere—either in creation or conventionalism. Mind is mind, it matters not which sex it represents, and its individual characteristics are to progress, expand and reciprocate.

Ah! woman, fear not to break over those conventional walls—those monuments of man's ignorance and egotism, that have for ages starved and dwarfed your intellect. Let reason as well as affection follow its natural impulses—let its faculties be equally developed. Be assured those active, ever-reaching aspirations that lift your thoughts beyond and above woman's allotted communion on earth, are not wrong. They are but the inherent, instinctive promptings of the eternal law that guides the soul in its ever onward course. Neither are those heart yearnings to be forever unreciprocated. They are the natural out-births of the soul, and their very existence is indubitable proof that they must and will find, sooner or later, their destined gratification.

Yours, ever,

Aunt Jennie.

For the The Lily.

LAW OF DESCENT.

My attention has been particularly attracted to an item in the last number of the Lily, which seems to be "waiting for a reply."

Not being accustomed to write for publication, I fear that my reply will not be so *concise* as required. If the laws of descent and apportionment of estates are wrong, do not blame the men for it, but just "direct" them to make the laws better. If women who are desirous of being compassionately remembered in their widowhood, (and all ought to

be so remembered,) would only make their complaint at the right time, to-wit: one day before they enter the state matrimonial, they could secure these matters all to their own liking. If they do not and will not do this, then why complain of man?

I contend that it is in woman's power to rule the world, and that she absolutely does rule it in many respects.

Oh! you wanted me to be *concise*, and I have wandered off on another subject.

Well to the question: Is there any *good* in the law of descent? Let us see:

1st. "The real and personal property of any person dieing intestate, shall descend to his or her children, in equal proportions." There is something *good*. "His or *her* children," woman, can hold property, real and personal.

Next, we have a great many regulations about grand children, great grand children, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, &c., too long for a concise reply.

Then we come to the 15th section of the law. "Every rule of descent or distribution prescribed, shall be subject to the provisions in behalf of the surviving husband or wife of the decedent." This seems like something good was intended for the surviving wife, for every other rule of descent or distribution must bend to those in her favor.

Sec. 16. "Tenancies by the courtesy, and in dower, are hereby abolished."

That is surely *good*. What courtesy is there in allowing a man who marries a woman, and has issue, born alive, capable of inheriting a life estate in the whole of her lands? And under the same circumstances, in case of his death, she would have only a life estate in one-third of his lands. Dower was a mere cancer set upon a farm to depreciate its value. These old things are abolished. That is a movement in favor of woman.

Sec. 17. If a husband die testate, or intestate, leaving a widow, (how could a husband die without leaving a widow,) one-third of his real estate shall descend to her in fee simple, free from all demands of creditors: *Provided*, where the real estate exceeds $10,000, the widow gets one-fourth only, and where it exceeds $20,000, one-fifth only, as against creditors."

There it is—one third in *fee simple*. The fourth and fifth only, is "*as against creditors.*" She gets one-third against all the rest of mankind. That is *good*, to get fee simple instead of dower.

Sec. 18. "If a widow shall marry a second, or any subsequent time holding real estate, in virtue of any previous marriage, such widow may not, during such marriage with, or without the assent of her husband, alienate such real estate, and if during such marriage, such widow shall die, such real estate shall go to her children by the marriage in virtue of which such real estate came to her, if any there be."

Well, well. that is a kind of poser. How a widow could hold an eetate in fee simple in lands, which is "an estate of absolute inheritance, clear of any condition, limitation, or restrictions to particular heirs, &c., and yet be prohibited from selling it, and have it on the express condition that it must descend to particular heirs, too, is more than I can tell. It is not exactly a paradox, but it is some kind of a dox. It makes a confused jargon of legal terms, and sets at naught all of "Billy Blackstone's" legal definitions. However, we will not turn critic—let us pass on.

Sec. 19. "If a husband die testate or intestate, leaving a widow, and the entire estate does not exceed $300, the whole goes to the widow in trust for herself and the infant children of the deceased."

Secs. 20 and 21. Widow is entitled to $300 personal property or money, (in all cases where there is that much,) free from all demands of creditors, &c.

Sec. 22. "If a wife die testate or intestate, leaving a widower, one third of her real estate shall descend to him," &c.

Sec. 23. "If a husband die intestate, leaving a widow and one child only, his real estate shall descend one-half to the widow and one-half to the child.'

Sec. 24. If only two children, each child takes one-third, and the widow one-third. But if a man marry a second or other subsequent wife, and has by her no children, but has children alive by a previous wife, the land which at his death descends to such wife, shall at her death descend to his children.

Sec. 25. If husband or wife die intestate, leav- no child, but leaving a father and mother, or either of them, then his or her property, real and personal, shall descend three-fourths to the widow or widower, and one-fourth to such father and mother. But if the whole do not exceed $1000, the whole goes to the widow or widower.

Sec. 26. If a husband or wife die intestate, leaving no child, and no father or mother, the whole goes to the survivor.

No conveyance of lands made by a husband, without the assent of his wife, evidenced by her acknowledgment, according to law, can deprive her of her right to one-third of all the lands owned by him during the marriage.

If a husband make a pecuniary or or other provision by will for his widow in lieu of her third part; after his death she can elect whether she will take such provision under the will—or take one-third under the law.

Such is the substance of a large portion of the law of descent and apportionment of estates in Indiana. Whether there is *any good* in this law or not, will depend altogether upon the circumstances of the case

If a woman without property should marry a man whose parents were not living, and he should own real estate worth $20,000, and personal property worth $20,000, and he should die intestate, without children, his widow would take the whole property. If he left one child only, and his father and mother living, she would get one-half of his real estate. In either of these cases, some widows would think there was some *good* in the law. But the father of the decedent, in the latter case —if he gave his son the property—(some fathers, I mean, not all,) might think there was not so much *good* as he desired in the law.

On the other hand, if a man without property marry a woman in like circumstances, as first stated above, owning $40,000, and she die intestate, the widower would take the $40,000. In this case, he might think there was some *good* in the law of descent, and the women might think it was a flagrant violation of woman's rights.

The General Assembly that met the 6th January, 1853, thought their predecessors had gone too far in favor of woman's rights, and undertook to retrograde a little in relation to real estate, but their amendments proved to be unconstitutional.

However, they enacted "that the personal property of the wife, held by her at the time of her marriage, or acquired during marriage by descent, devise or gift, shall remain her own property to the same extent, and under the same rules as her real estate so remains," and on the death of the husband before the wife, such personal property shall go the wife, and on the death of the wife before the husband, shall be distributed in the same manner as her real estate descends, and is apportioned under the same circumstances."

This is about all that woman could ask as to personal property, if she would only contrive in all cases to outlive her husband.

If you call this a concise reply, you can publish it if it suits you, and if it does not, you can do as you please about it—for women will have their own way any how. YELVERTON.

April 9, 1855.

For the Lily.

"WOMAN'S SPHERE."

To the Editress of the Lily—Will you welcome a new worker in your pretty flower garden, of lilies and roses, Mrs. B., provided the laborer prove worthy of her hire—provided she be armed and equipped to combat "King Alcohol" and all his host, and "Old Conservatism," who has so long trampled on the necks of the oppressed millions, regardless of sighs and groans and bitter tears?—Ah! yes, I know the gentle Lily will unfold her lovely petals to absorb the truth and light, however faintly it may at first shine. I know, too, her fair leaves are open to all who wish to transcribe thereon lessons of life and love—lessons whose teachings shall be heard and felt, and long remembered by readers whom I hope in numbers may yet reach their tens of thousands.

I will now, Mrs. B., if it it please you, write of "Woman's Sphere." Much, at the present time, is said of "woman's wishing to get out of her proper sphere." Now, where shall we locate this much talked of place? Shall man, or God, or woman herself be permitted to choose? If God made woman an irresponsible, brainless, soulless being, accountable only to man, why, then, let man appoint her sphere, and there forever compel her to remain. Let him keep her as he has ever wished to keep her—not one degree above his horse. For if my brother's *horse* is guilty of trespass in your cornfield, will you not seek redress at the hand of his *master?* If his *wife* be guilty of the *same offense*, will you not pursue *exactly* the same course in recovery of damages? Most certainly. And this is a statute law in full force now in the nineteenth century, in this, the boasted land of the free and brave, in our "Empire State!"

Yet if woman but wishes to elevate herself a sufficient height above the brute, to *own herself*, she is insultingly termed "unsexed;" and if she dare tell in public her wrongs, she is declared to be an intolerable, virago of a wife—an acerbitous old maid, or an escaped lunatic from some insane asylum.

I have now before me an editorial cut from one of our leading daily papers, on the subject of woman's lecturing. After giving vent to shameful railings and vituperative language against all reformers, he sums up in the following manly, I might say almost God-like style, "A woman lecturing!—the strong hand of the law should be laid upon her, and she should be compelled to go back to her woman's sphere."

Yes, "the strong hand of the law,' technically speaking, but in more familiar words, brute force, with the "cat-o'-nine-tails," heavily laid on, is the only just law in the opinion of our noble, generous humane editor, which such miserably low beings in the scale of creation, as woman, can appreciate.

But if woman and man were created equally answerable to God, then equally with man should she be permitted to choose her own time and place of action; for in no servitude can she live true to her womanhood, or true to divine requirements.

Man has talked much of woman's physical weakness; shall then "might make right?" Shall my son, who is by nature, physically strong, make laws to protect *his* strength, and force his frail, delicate *sister*, in any out of the way corner, which he may please to designate her sphere? No, it is woman's natural inborn right—her own prerogative to choose her sphere as man chooses his. For what purpose was given to her strong ennobling faculties? For what a mind to comprehend the deepest mysteries of earth—quick and keen perception —intuitive knowledge—if it was the design of the great and sovereign Will that man should rule and woman should obey? And will woman still suffer herself to be restricted to the four walls of the kitchen or parlor, as her only true sphere, and thus suffer the talents God has given her to lie dormant and die out? It may be said her talents were given her in view of maternity. But all women are not mothers, nor can they be. Conclusive evidence that a more extensive field for usefulness than the nursery alone, was originally designed for her.

It is also urged that woman does not desire her area of freedom enlarged. But this cannot be proved. Though there may be found some loud and noisy in their denunciations of this glorious reform in the presence of the flatterer man, yet their daily life gives positive denial to professions of contentment, uttered with the tongue, but not felt in the soul. But if any can be found who are willing to be considered merely as chattels, it is time that *they* should have masters. To such, I do not address myself. It is to the regenerated soul—the lover of freedom—the true women of America that I write—women who have long since conscientiously concluded they were especially called upon to contribute some necessary work to society—that they have long enough "felt the bitterness of doing nothing"—that they have long enough suffered from the withering effects of fashionable life, and long enough have consented to share with "pet animals and flowers," a place in man's affections. Women who have firmly re-

solved to forget the lessons taught in their infancy, taught in their girlhood and practised in womanhood—that they must depend upon their fathers until they are married, and then hang with an incubus-like weight upon their husbands. Women who will boldly assert themselves responsible *individuals*, claim rights which the good time coming will assuredly grant—the good time when the words "sex" and "color" will as universally be stricken from our statutes, as that those laws are now rendered more voluminous by the frequent repetition of "white male citizen"—when the boundaries of woman's sphere will be the boundaries of heaven and earth.

But hearken, a voice is sounding through the land, "woman fulfill thy destiny. Thou hast been placed here with thy companion, man, equal, but oh! how art thou fallen—lost to thy dignity—thou hast allowed man a supremacy over thee which thy Creator never designed he should enjoy. With like passions and propensities wast thou conceived and born into this world, and like duties now does thy God require of thee. Put forth the full powers of thy being and reap the fruit. Study thine own capacities, and for whatsoever thou findest thyself capacitated to do, let it be done, for all may be encompassed by woman which is by man encompassed. For her there is no circumscribed sphere. Let each and every woman seek out the work designed for her accomplishment, and when it shall be done, then will woman have fulfilled her mission. MARITA.

For the Lily.

VICTORY.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL—Let the proclamation go forth to all who desire to hear, that the day of redemption draweth nigh, for the mouth of the Governor hath spoken, and the decree shall not be annulled. The struggle is ended—the battle is won! Great has been the excitement of the friends of temperance reform in this State, and with the most anxious solicitude have they watched the progress of the Prohibitory Bill as it has been tossing and careering o'er the waves and surges of political faction. But it has weathered the gale and comes forth in a sound, healthy condition with its banner floating free in the breeze, and the friends of humanity, who have toiled and labored to mitigate human suffering—who have sympathised with the slave of appetite, and wept tears of agony over his heart broken family whose misery they could not assuage, can now, with a full heart assure them that brighter days are now in store for them. Methinks I hear the glad shout echoing and re-echoing from thousands of grateful hearts, saying bless you!—oh, bless you! who have preserved my father from a drunkard's grave, and averted the doom which was plunging me in degradation and crime. And the joy unspeakable in the mother's breast as she realizes a husband restored to her, and looks forward with confidence to a renewal of that happiness she experienced in the first years of her wedded life, would amply reward the laborer for much toil and sacrifice.

The law goes into effect next 4th of July, the birth-day of our nation from the thraldom and oppression of the mother country—fit day to remove all bondage from the hearts and hands of the American people. But even as I write of joy and gladness, sorrow gathers around my soul, for I reflect on the millions of human beings, within the boundaries of our free and liberal institutions, who are bought and sold in the public mart, as goods and chattels, who are in a bondage of moral, mental and physical darkness, from which they cannot soon emancipate.

And then the condition of woman—no individualism—no power to act independent of man, and but little disposition to arouse from the listlessness in which she is reposing.

And then again the blind bigotry and conservatism we are all hugging to our bosoms, satisfied to follow the forest by-paths because our fathers did before us—read from the same books and using the same time-hallowed songs, satisfied that what answered for them is good enough for us—ready to condemn, aye, martyr any one who dare advance an idea in opposition to our long-established prejudices. Bondage! bondage!! is inscribed on all below.

But I have digressed. I said that the struggle was ended and the battle was won! In one sense, I so regard it. A great victory is obtained. But were the people of the State of New York fully prepared for this law, there would not have been such strenuous efforts to defeat it.

Compulsory measures alone cannot redeem humanity. And this movement is not an end, but a means by which great good will eventually flow forth to mankind. As I have before said, "to produce a radical reform, man's nature, physically and morally, must be improved. An elevation of the whole person must be attained. We must learn the true object of life, study and enforce the laws of our own existence, and coming generations must be born and educated in life and health principles. We must learn and teach to others to do right—love truth, and live pure lives, for the sake of the beauty and holiness therein contained. Then will temperance prevail, and man become as originally designed, a noble, living structure, embodying the grand and beautiful in nature.

A lady said to me in the Good Templar's Hall, a few evenings since, "If the prohibitory law passes, we shall not need to keep up our meetings any longer." And, if I mistake not, I have seen the same remark in prints. Now, this is an error, and I fear that many, even good temperance workers, will feel that the battle is over, and that there is nothing more for them to do. The organization of "Good Templars," "Sons of Temperance," "Social Circle," &c., seem well adapted to the promotion not only of temperance principles, but the moral elevation of the youth who are thus brought within our influence. Will not those of ready hands and willing hearts exert themselves to render shese institutions schools of usefulness to many? For does not the future social, moral and political destiny of our country depend on the education we are now bestowing on the rising generation?

Yours, for the right,

L. E. B. M. B.

Dansville, N. Y., April 12, 1855.

For the Lily.

TO LAURA.

Thou art going, dear cousin, thou art going;
In the land of the west, thou wilt dwell;
Where the "Father of waters" is flowing,
And soon we must bid the farewell.

Thou wilt gaze on the hills in their grandeur,
And through the green valley thou'lt roam,
Thou wilt seek in the land of the stranger,
What thou leavest behind thee, a home.

And oh! may'st thou find in its bosom
A home, bright as fancy portrays,
May the sunshine of hope and affection
Cast around it its loveliest rays.

Thou wilt think of us sometime, dear cousin,
And our thoughts will wander to thee,
We shall feel that our circle is broken,
And broken, it ever must be.

And should we no more be united
On earth, yet when life shall be o'er,
When tears shall be wiped from all faces,
We shall meet to be parted no more.

Cardington, April 4th, 1855. CINDA.

☞ We can do what we do not doubt we can do. All great minds have a settled fearlessness and confidence which looks like inspiration. Napoleon conquered and intimidated all Europe by his sublime faith in himself. After marshaling all his resources, and omitting no precaution which pointed, even dimly, to success; he had over and above, a fiery faith, which spread like wildfire over his whole army, which conquered the most fearful odds, and which strode over and crushed all doubt to earth. No army could withstand that desperate resolution, which never harbored a doubt of its own ability. Without this faith he might have possessed eagle insight—his quick instinct, his rapid combination, his subtle calculation and foresight would never have grappled the hydra of anarchy, and tamed it to submission, even while its fangs were dripping with gore; nor waded through the blood of Europe, to an imperial throne. If we have no faith in ourselves, who is to have faith in us? No great man is astonished at his own success.—[From "Dream Love."

☞ The Grand Temple of Honor of Indiana meets in Indianapolis on the second Tuesday (15th) of May.

Six thousand pounds of unleavened bread were sold to the Jews at Chicago during the Feast of the Passover.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Elizabeth McMillen, Lucy Ann Dodge, Amanda Morris Taylor, Caroline Bacon, Albina Wright, E. E. Canfield Emily Jacques, Hannah C. Wanjer, John Staffer, Adlegistha Russell, H. S. Wisson, Lucinda H. Farley, M. J. Druly, Mary E. Tripp, Earnest Montrose, A. H. Potter, M. D., Lydia A. Williams, Jonathan Sarlles, Sarah Emily Lewis, W. H. Gorhame, T. James, Paulina, Cherry, Lucy M. Howe, Wm. Manning, Joseph Mount.

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May 1st, 1855.

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OFFICE—on Pacific street, a few doors south of the *Pacific House*, and near the Land Office.

Mr. B. will be in Council Bluffs early in April, and prepared to attend to all business that may be entrusted to him.

Dec. 15, 1854.